

EDITED AND PUBLISHED
BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

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For the Spirit of Democracy.

Human Life.

BY W. W. LIVINGSTON.

For what was man created?
For wants, and woes, and worldly cares;
An existence o'ergate,
Everywhere beset with snares.

The thorny path still treading,
As long as life can be endured;
And at every step still dreading,
Lost into error he be lured.

Beset with human devils,
Constrained to be a devil too;
Lest (worst of all his evils)
He come short of what his neighbors do.

Lured by such hollow phantasms,
As fortune, fashion, fame and friends;
Those with treacherous hope still haunt him,
Till life with all his misery ends.

Could man enjoy existence,
So long as laughing life would last;
Or offering death resistance,
Live while flitting ages pass?

Like the butterfly he'd flutter,
While momentary life would last,
Or with his hard-earned power,
Enjoy the fruits of labor past.

But when we've been o'erwhelm'd with sor-
row,
Till we have learn'd to stem the tide; [row,
Learn to-day to live to-morrow—
That life to-morrow is denied.

If when I've crossed this ocean,
I thought no better world were there,
(God forgive the foolish notion,)
I'd shortly end my foolish here.

AN EXECUTION.

A THRILLING TALE.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* is an article
entitled *Le Revenant*, purporting to be
written by a man who has been hanged
and is now alive. The writer confesses
that he is guilty of the act for which he
suffered—fornication, and states the particu-
lars of his arrest, commitment to Newgate
for trial, and his conviction of the crime at
the Old Bailey Sessions for 1826. He then
proceeds to describe what were his sensa-
tions, after receiving the awful sentence of
death. After painting, in touching colors,
the interview he had with Elizabeth Clare,
to whom he was strongly attached, he thus
proceeds with his narrative:

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon
when Elizabeth left me; and when she de-
parted, it seemed as if my business in this
world was at an end. I could have wish-
ed; then and there, to have died on the
spot; I had done my last act, and drank
my last draught in life. But as the twilight
drew on, my cell was cold and damp,
and the evening was dark and gloomy;
and I had no fire nor any candle, al-
though it was in the month of January,
nor sufficient covering to warm me. And
by degrees my spirits weakened, and my
heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of
everything around me; and gradually—
for what I write now shall be truth—the
thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be
her fate, began to give way before a sense
of my own situation! This was the first
time—I cannot tell the reason why—that
my mind had ever fixed itself upon the
trial that I had, within a few hours, to go
through; and as I reflected on it, a terror
spread over me, almost in an instant, as
though it were that my sentence was just
pronounced, and that I had not known,
really and seriously, that I was to die be-
fore. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four
hours. There was food which a religious
gentleman who visited me had sent from
his own table, but I could not taste it, and
when I looked at it strange fancies came
over me. It was dainty food, not such as
was served to the prisoners in the jail.—
It was sent to me because I was to die to-
morrow, and I thought of the beasts of the
field and the fowls of the air, that were
permitted for slaughter. I felt that my
own sensations were not as they ought to be
at this time, and I believed that for a
while I was insane. A sort of dull hum-
ming noise, that I could not get rid of,
like the humming of bees, sounded in my
ears. And though it was dark, sparks of
light seemed to dance before my eyes,
and I could recollect nothing. I tried to
say my prayers, but could only recollect
a word here and there—and then it seem-
ed to me that these were blasphemies; that
I was uttering; I don't know what they
were—I cannot tell what I said; and then
on a sudden I felt as though all this terror
was useless, and that I would not stay
there to die, and I jumped up and wrench-
ed at the bars of my cell window with a
force that bent them, for I felt as if I had
the strength of a lion. And I felt all over
the lock of my door, and tried the door
with my shoulder, though I knew it was
plated with iron, and heavier than that of
a church, and I groped about the very
walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—
though I knew very well, if I had my
senses, that it was all solid stone three
feet thick, and that if I could have passed
through a crevice smaller than the eye of a
needle, I had no chance of escaping.—
And in the midst of all this mighty exer-
tion a faintness came over me, as if I had
swallowed poison; and I had just power
enough to reel to the bed place, where I

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN WHO WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

Vol. VI.

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sank down in a swoon; but this did not
last long, for my head swam round, and
the cell seemed to turn around with me,
and I dreamed—between sleeping and
waking—that it was midnight, and that
Elizabeth had come back as she promised,
and that they refused to admit her. And
I thought it snowed heavily, and that the
streets were covered with it, as if with a
white sheet, and that I saw her dead—ly-
ing in the fallen snow, and in the dark-
ness at the prison gate.

"When I came to myself I was struggling
and breathless. In a minute or two I
heard Saint Sepulchre's clock strike ten,
and I knew it was a dream that I had had.
The Chaplain of the prison came without
my sending. He exhorted me, solemnly,
to think no more of cares and troubles in
this world, but to bend my thoughts upon
that to come, and to try to reconcile my
soul to Heaven; trusting that my sins, tho'
they were heavy, under repentance, might
have hope of mercy." When he had
gone, I did feel myself, for a little while,
more collected; and I sat down again on
the bed, and tried seriously to commune
with myself, and prepare myself for my
fate. I recalled to my mind that I had
but a few hours more, at all events, to live
—that there was no hope for me out of
earth of escaping—and that it was at least
better that I should die decently, like a man.

Then I tried to recollect all the tales I had
ever heard about death by hanging—that
it was said to be the sensation of a mo-
ment—to give no pain—to cause the ex-
tinction of life instantaneously—and so on,
to twenty other strange ideas. By de-
grees my head began to wander, and grow
unmanageable. I put my hands tightly to
my throat, as though to try the sensation
of strangling—then I felt my arms at the
place the cord would be tied. I went
through the fastenings of the rope—the
tying of the hands together; the thing that
I felt most averse to was the white cap
muffled over my eyes and face. If I
could avoid that, the rest was not so very
horrible! In the midst of fancies, a num-
bness seemed to creep over my senses.—
The giddiness that I had felt gave way to
a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that
my thoughts gave me, though I still went
on thinking. The church clock rang
midnight; I was sensible of the sound, but
it reached me indistinctly—as though
coming through many closed doors, or
from a far distance. By and by I saw
the objects before me more clearly—then
only partially—they were gone altogether.
I fell asleep.

"I slept until the hour of execution. It
was seven o'clock the next morning, when
a knocking at the door of my cell awoke
me. I heard the sound as though in my
dreams, for some moments before I was
fully awake; and my first sensation was
only the dislike a weary man feels at be-
ing roused; I was tired, and I wished to
doze on. In a minute after the bolts on
the outside of my dungeon were drawn; a
turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and I
tried to make another observation when
the master was leaving the cell; but this
time I could not get the words out; my
tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and
my speech seemed gone; I made two des-
perate efforts, but it would not do—I could
not utter.

"When they left me, I never stirred
from my place on the bed. I was ben-
umbed with the cold, probably from the
sleep, and at the unaccustomed exposure,
and I sat crouched together, as it were, to
keep myself warmer, with my arms folded
across my breast, and my head hanging
down, shivering, and my body felt as if
it was such a weight to me, that I am un-
able to move it, or stir. The day was
breaking, yellow and heavy, and the light
stole by degrees into my dungeon, show-
ing me the damp stone walls, and desolate,
dark paved floor; and strange as it was,
with all I could do, I could not keep my-
self from noticing these trifling things,
though perdition was coming upon me the
next moment. I noticed the lamp which
the turnkey had left on the floor, and
which was burning dimly, with a long
wick, being clogged with the chill and bad
air, and I thought to myself—even at that
moment—that it had not been trimmed
since the night before. And I looked at
the bare, naked, iron bed frame that I
sat on; and the heavy studs on the floor
of the dungeon; and at the scrawls and
writings upon the wall, that had been
drawn by former prisoners; and I put my
hand to my pulse and it was so low that
I could hardly count it. I could not feel
—though I tried to make myself feel it—
that I was going to die. In the midst of
this, I heard the chimes of the chapel clock
begin to strike; and I thought, 'Lord take
pity on me, a wretch!' It could not be
three quarters after seven yet. The clock
went over the three quarters; it chimed the
fourth quarter, and then struck eight.—
They were in the cell before I perceived
them. They found me in the same place,
and in the same posture, as they had left
me.

"Followed by the master of the jail, and
the chaplain, I entered. I looked up, and
a shudder like the shock of electricity—
like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran
through me; one glance was sufficient.
Sleep had gone as though I had never
slept—even as I never was to sleep again.
I was conscious of my situation!—
said the master to me, in a

subdued, but steady tone, 'it is time for
you to rise.' The chaplain asked me
how I had passed the night, and proposed
that we join in prayer. I gathered myself
up, and remained seated on the side of
the bed-place—my teeth chattered and
my knees knocked together in spite of
myself. It was barely daylight yet; and,
as the cell door stood open, I could see
into the small paved court beyond; the
morning was thick and gloomy, and a
slow but settled rain was coming down.—
'It is half-past seven o'clock, R—',
said the master. I just muttered an en-
treaty to be left alone till the last moment.
I had thirty minutes to live.

"What I have further to tell will lie in
a very small compass: my recollections
are very minute up to this point, but not at
all so close as to what occurred afterwards.
I scarcely recollect very clearly how I
got from that cell to the press-room. I
think two little withered men, dressed in
black, supported me. I knew I tried to
rise when I saw the master and his people
come into my dungeon, but I could not.

"In the press-room were the two misera-
ble wretches that were to suffer with me;
they were bound, with their arms behind
them, and their hands together, and were
lying upon a bench, hard by, until I was
ready. A meagre-looking old man, with
thin white hair, who was reading to one of
them, came up and said something—that
we would embrace.—I did not distinctly
hear what it was.

"The greatest difficulty I had was to keep
from falling. I had thought that these em-
bracements would have been all of fury
and horror, but I felt nothing of this; but only
a weakness, as though my heart, and the
very floor on which I stood, was sinking
under me. I could just make a motion,
that the old white-haired man should leave
me; and some one interfered and sent him
away. The pinning of my hands and
arms was then finished—and I heard an
officer whisper to the chaplain that 'all
was ready.' As we passed out one of the
men in black held a glass of water to my
lips; but I could not swallow.

"This was the last moment, but one, of
full perception that I had life. I remember
our beginning to move forward, through
the long arch passages which led from the
press-room to the scaffold. I saw the
lamps that were still burning; for the day-
light never entered there; I heard the quick
tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of
the chaplain, reading as he walked before
us:

"I am the resurrection and the life.
saith the Lord: he that believeth in me,
though he were dead, shall live. And
though after my skin, worms destroy this
body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

"It was the funeral service—the order
of the grave—the office of those that were
senseless and dead, over us the quick and
the living.

"I felt once more, and saw! I felt that
the transition from these dim, close, hot,
lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to
the open platform, and steps at the foot of
the scaffold, and to-day I saw the immense
crowd blackening the whole area of the
street below me. The windows of the
shops and houses opposite, to the fourth
story, choked with gazers. I saw St.
Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog
in the distance—had heard the pealing of
its bell.

"I recollect the cloudy, misty morning,
the wet that lay upon the scaffold, the
huge dark mass of buildings, the prison it-
self, that rose beside, and seemed to cast
a shadow over us—the bold fresh breeze
that, as I merged from it, broke on my face.
I see it all now, the whole horrible land-
scape is before me. The scaffold—the
rain—the face of the multitude—the peo-
ple clinging to the house-tops—the smoke
that beat heavily downwards from the
chimneys—the wagons filled with women,
staring at the inn-yard opposite—the
hoarse, low roar that ran through the gather-
ing crowd as we appeared. I never saw
so many objects at once, so plainly and
distinctly, in all my life, as at that one
glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

"From that look, and from that instant,
all that followed is a blank. Of the pray-
ers of the chaplain—the fastening of the
fatal noose, of the putting on of the cap
which I had so much dislike—of my actual
execution, and death, I have not the
slightest atom of recollection. But that
I know such occurrences must have
taken place, I should not have the smallest
consciousness that they ever did so. I
read in the daily newspapers an account
of my behavior at the scaffold—that I con-
ducted myself decently, but with firmness;
of my death—that I seemed to die almost
without a struggle. Of any of these events
I have not been able, by any exertion, to
recall the most distant remembrance.
With the first view of the scaffold, all my
recollections cease. The next circum-
stance which, to my perception, seems to
follow, is having awoke, as if from sleep,
and found myself in a bed, in a handsome
chamber, with a gentleman (as I first open-
ed my eyes) looking attentively at me. I
had my senses perfectly, that I had been
retrieved at the scaffold, and faintly. At-
ter I learned the truth, I thought I had an
imperfect recollection of having found, or
fancied myself, as if in a dream, in some
strange place, lying naked, and with a
mass of figures floating about before me;
but this idea certainly never presented it-

self to me, until I was informed of the ac-
t that had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my exis-
tence will have been divined! My condi-
tion is a strange one! I am a living man,
and I possess certificates both of death
and burial. I know that a coffin filled
with stones, and with my own name upon
the plate, lies buried in the church-yard of
St. Andrew's, Holborn. I saw from a
window, the undressed hearse that carried
it; I was witness to my own funeral. These
are strange things to see. My damages,
however, and I trust, my crimes, are over-
forever. Thanks to the bounty of that
excellent individual, whose benevolence
has recognized the service which he did
me for a claim upon him. I am married
to the woman whose happiness and safety
proved my last thought—so long as reason
remained with me—in dying. And I am
about to sail on a fair voyage, which is
only a sorrowful one; that it parts me for-
ever from my benefactor."

The Times.

Fire, flood and pestilence, as a com-
bined scourge, has attracted not a little at-
tention from the daily press—and one of
our contemporaries, in speculating on the
calamities of the times, considers it a spe-
cial visitation of the Almighty, for the sins
of mankind. But he seems to overlook
one very striking fact—that if fire, flood
and pestilence are the terrible evils of the
times, that we are also visited by signal
blessings to compensate for, and counter-
act them. Instead of famine, we are sur-
rounded by vast abundance. The earth
teems with her fruits. Prosperity crowns
our trade and the returns of commerce en-
rich the land. If we lose much by flood
and fire, still will there remain a great bal-
ance in our favor. The pestilence, though
fraught with woe to the bereaved heart,
must be designed for good in its conse-
quences. The movements of the world
must be active. Where man is, commo-
tion, agitation, convulsion, will prevail.—
After all, what a happy contrast do we not
exhibit, when our condition is compared
to that of Europe! Fire, flood and pesti-
lence are common to all the earth. But
Europe, in addition to all these, is ac-
cursed by every civil wrong, social oppression
and political scourge, that tyranny, bigo-
try and sectarianism can invent, as a tor-
ment to humanity. The events of the new
world are bright and cheering compared to
those of the old—and yet, the latter has a
brilliant future to look forward to. Abound-
ing in money, successful in trade, blessed
with an ever productive industry, the old
wears a smile of regeneration on her win-
kled front, that augurs well for her freedom
not less than her prosperity. Gold! gold!
gold! is the cry of her banks, brokers, ex-
changers and merchants. Contentions! Rights
and Freedom! is the cry of the people.
And the cry must end in reality.—
Perhaps no age of the world before gave
such abundant evidence of God's good-
ness instead of God's vengeance. No page
in the volume of mankind, beams
with so much radiance, as the one now
spread open before us. And this too, in
the face of French perfidy and Roman
subjection—both, however grievous and
disgraceful, mere spots on the sun's disc.
Neither the walls of Paris, nor the gates
of Rome, embrace earth's population of
freedom. Heads of far seeing sagacity,
both in the old and new world, anticipate
immense business and prodigious profits,
during the year 1850. But will they be
realized? The probabilities are all in
favor of it. The elements are spread before
us—and if they continue, 1850 will shame
its predecessors. Where, then, lower the
clouds of adversity, that are to scatter their
fires, and hurl their thunder-bolts as pun-
ishment for sin? Is pestilence, fire and
flood, nothing? What are they, we an-
swer, but partial evils, unfelt in the lot of
human joy, and scarcely to be estimated
as an atom in the creation—a drop in the
wide and unmeasured ocean of human be-
ing.—*Ledger.*

EDUCATION.—An education is a young
man's capital; for a well informed, intelli-
gent mind has the best assurance of future
competency and happiness. A father's
best gift to his child, then, is a good edu-
cation. If you leave them wealthy, you
may assure their ruin; and at the best you
only leave them that which at any moment
may be lost.

If you leave them with a cultivated heart,
affections trained to objects of love and
excellence, a mind vigorous and enlarged,
finding happiness pure and elevated in the
pursuits of knowledge, you effect an in-
surance on their after happiness and use-
fulness. Unless you bring up the young
mind in this way, you cannot, with any
justice, claim for its possessor indepen-
dence. Your children must be virtuous,
or they will not desire it. They must be
intelligent to have them intelligent asso-
ciates, as they must have habits of indus-
try and sobriety to make the company of
the industrious and sober agreeable.

It is in your power to bestow this virtue,
this intelligence, and these golden habits.
Present them a good model in your own
life, and give them every opportunity to
cultivate the heart and the understanding.
Spare not expense on your school, and
put into your children's hands everything
that may encourage or assist them in their
mental or moral improvement.

The Desert of Sahara.

North of the mountains of the Moon in
Abyssinia lies the great Desert of Sahara
stretching 800 miles in width from its south-
ern margin, and 1000 in length between the
Atlantic and the Red Sea. It is a hide-
ous, barren waste, prolonged eastward
into the Atlantic for miles, in the form of
sand-banks, and interrupted to the west
only by a few cases and the valley of the
Nile.

This desert, is alternately scorched by
heat and pinched by cold. The wind
blows from the east nine months in the
year, and at the equinoxes it rushes a hur-
ricane, driving the sand in clouds before
it, producing the darkness of night at mid-
day and overwhelming caravans of men
and animals in common destruction.—
Then the sand is heaped up in waves ever
carrying with the blast; even the atmos-
phere is of sand. The desolation of this
dreary waste, boundless to the eye as the
ocean, is terrific and sublime—the dry
heated air is like a red vapor, the setting
sun seems to be a volcanic fire, and at
times the burning wind of the desert is the
blast of death. There are many salt lakes
to the north, and even the springs are of
brine: thick incrustations of dazzling salt
cover the ground, and the particles carried
aloft by the whirlwinds, flash in the sun
like diamonds. Sand is not the only
character of the desert, tracks of gravel
and low bare rocks occur at times not less
barren and dreary. On these intermina-
ble sands and rocks no animal, no insect,
breaks the dread silence, not a tree nor a
shrub is to be seen in this land without a
shadow. In the glare of noon the air
quivers with the heat reflected from the red
sand, and in the night it is chilled in a clear
sky sparkling under a host of stars.—
Strangely but beautifully contrasted with
these scorched solitudes is the narrow val-
ley of the Nile, threading the desert for
1000 miles in emerald green, with its blue
waters foaming in rapids among wild rocks,
or quietly spreading in a calm stream
amidst fields of corn and the august monu-
ments of past ages.

Early Rising.

A talented physician remarks that "Early
rising is the stepping stone to all that is
great and good. Both the mind and the
body are invigorated by the practice, and
much valuable time is gained that is lost
to the sluggard. It is the basis upon
which health and wealth are founded. The
early morning is the best period for reflec-
tion and study, for it is then, after refresh-
ing sleep, that the mind is most vigorous
and calm. The statesman, as well as the
merchant, arranges his plans for the com-
ing day, and all passes smoothly; while he
who wastes his morning in bed loses much
of that most valuable commodity of life—
time—which is never regained. Early
rising will often make the poor man rich;
the contrary will often beggar the wealth-
iest. It will do much towards making the
weak strong; and the reverse will enfeeble
the strongest. Second sleep very gener-
ally produces headache and languor.—
There is nothing more true than that 'He
who loses an hour in the morning is seek-
ing the remainder of the day.' 'Surgere
dilectum saluberrimum est.' All our great-
est men have been early risers; for instance:
Newton, Franklin, Wellington, Shakspeare,
Milton, Chantrey, Reynolds, Hunter, Eidon
and Erskine."

PERVSION OF RELIGION.—How much
of injury has been done to the cause of
true religion, by the austere and gloomy
associations which have been connected
with it by bigots and enthusiasts! How
often do we see children brought up to
discover nothing but what is harsh and re-
pulsive in a faith, which is essentially the
source of a divine and constant cheerfulness.
Is it not natural that, under such
circumstances, they should imbibe a dis-
taste for what, rightly understood, would
be their joy and their refuge? Instead of
teaching us to regard our Creator as a
benignant and gracious Being, which nat-
ural and revealed religion assures us that
he is, how many would set up the phan-
tom of their own diseased, or frightened
fancy, and have us bow down to it as to
the only true God! Oh, human frailty and
human inconsistency! that, professing to
have idolatry, art subject, unconsciously,
to a more degrading idolatry than that
which prostrates itself before images of
wood and stone! Let no man argue
against religion from its abuses; for truly
has it been said, that "religion and priests
have the same connexion with each other,
as justice and attorneys."

THE PRESS.—Give me but the liberty
of the press, and I will give to minister a
house of peers—I will give him a corrupt
and servile house of commons—I will give
him a full swing of the patronage of his
office—I will give him the whole host of
ministerial influence—I will give him all
the power that place can confer upon him
to purchase up submission and over-awe
resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty
of the press, I will go forth to meet him
undismayed; I will attack with that might-
ier engine, the mighty fabric he has rais-
ed; I will shake down from its height cor-
ruption; and bury it beneath the ruin of the
abuses it was meant to shelter.—*Sheridan.*

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cy, will be neatly and expeditiously exe-
cuted at the office of the "Spirit of Democra-
cy," and at the most reasonable prices.

Chinese Burial-Place.

No people profess so much veneration
for the memory of their fathers as the Chi-
nese; and the worship of their tombs is
the most solemn, and apparently sincere,
ceremonial in the shape of religious wor-
ship, they exhibit. In order to perform its
rites, men (women take no part in it) who
emigrate to distant lands often return, at
much expense and trouble, to the place of
their birth; and their fond clinging to the
memory of the dead more than love for its
institution seems, and it is said to be, the
strong bond that binds the Chinese to their
country. But they have no consecrated
place of interment; and if they have any
rite analogous to episcopal consecration,
it must be so simple and easily executed
as to have effect any where. At any rate
they have no accumulation of graves in
particular enclosed spots; they do not set
apart a few acres for that purpose and sur-
round them with walls, separating the silent
tenants from the living world, and forming
a great prison house for the dead.—
On the other hand, every one chooses the
spot he likes best for the final resting place
of those he loved. The country residents
bury their dead on their own land, often
very close to their own dwellings. On the
hill-sides, especially in stony, barren places,
are seen tombs and graves, thinly
scattered in rural districts and more nu-
merous in the neighborhood of towns.—
The choice is wise, and its effects any thing
but unpleasing to the eye. The tombs
are often of porphyry, finished with some
minute chiselling, and sometimes in toler-
able taste placed on rocky eminences, often
in particular picturesque situations un-
der the shadow of cedars and cypresses,
they present every where objects of pleas-
ing, perhaps profitable contemplation.

Up the Nile.

Blackwood's Magazine, in a Review of
Werne's Narrative of a voyage up the
Nile, furnishes the following description
of some of the strange scenes passed
through:

We can conceive few things more excit-
ing than such a voyage as Mr. Werne
has accomplished and recorded. Starting
from the outposts of civilization, he sailed
into the very heart of Africa, up a stream,
whose upper waters then, for the first time,
were furrowed by vessels no larger than a
savage's canoe—a stream of such gigan-
tic proportions that its width, at a thousand
miles from the sea, gave it the aspect of
the lake rather than of a river. The brute
creation were in proportion to the mag-
nitude of the water course. The hippo-
potamus reared his huge snout above the sur-
face, wallowed in the gullies that on either
hand ran down the stream—enormous
crocodiles gaped along the shore—ele-
phants played in herds upon the pastures—
the tall giraffes stalked among the lofty
plains—snakes thick as trees, lay coiled
in the slimy swamps—and ant-hills, ten
feet high, towered above the rushes. Along
the thickly peopled banks hordes of sav-
ages showed themselves, gazing in wonder
at the strange ships, and making ambigu-
ous gestures, variously construed by the
adventurers as signs of friendship or hos-
tility. Alternately sailing and towing, and
sight of natives, but rarely communicat-
ing with them—often cut off for days from
land by interminable fields of tangled
weeds, the expedition pursued its course
through innumerable perils, guarded from
most of them by the liquid rampart in
which it floated. Lions looked hungry,
and savages shook their spears, but nei-
ther showed a disposition to swim and
board the flotillas.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.—
When enemies gather around—when
sickness falls on the heart—when the
world is dark and cheerless—is the time
to try true friendship. The heart that has
been touched with true gold, will redouble
its efforts when the friend is sad and in
trouble. Adversity tries real friendship.
They who turn from the scene of distress,
betray their hypocrisy, and proves that in-
terest only moves. If you have a friend
who loves you—who has studied your in-
terests and happiness—be sure to sustain
him in adversity. Let him feel that his
former kindness is appreciated, and that his
love was not thrown away. Real fidelity
may be rare, but it exists in the heart.—
Who has not seen and felt its power!—
They only deny its worth and power, who
have never loved a friend or labored to
make a friend happy. The good and the
kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see
and feel the heavenly principle. They
would sacrifice wealth and honor to pro-
mote the happiness of others; a d, in re-
turn, they receive the reward of their love,
by sympathizing hearts and countless fa-
vors, when they have been brought low by
disease or adversity.

THE REVENUES OF THE MIND.—The ear
and the eye are the mind's receivers; but
the tongue is only busied in expending
the treasure received. If, therefore, the
revenues of the mind be uttered as fast
as they are received, it cannot be more
than that mind must needs be bare, and can
never lay up for purchase. But if the re-
ceivers take in still with no utterance, the
mind may soon grow a burthen to itself,
and unprofitable to others. I will not lay
up too much, and utter nothing, lest I be
covetous.—*Hall.*